

THE REPOSITORY, AND

Ladies' Weekly Museum.

VOL. VI.]

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Philadelphia, Dec. 14, 1805.

D'AUBIGNE.

"Look, where it comes again!—"

"Angels and ministers of grace defend us!"

What may this mean,

That thou, dead corse, again, with pen in hand,

Revisitest the glimpses of the day,

Making our Pleasures hideous!—and we readers

So horribly to shake our disposition?"

"Whenever the itch for scribbling, or making speeches, commonly called orations, has seized a person without adequate talents or education; when that distemper called the Cacoethes Scribendi, gets a fast hold of him, he may be set down at once as in a state of incurable madness. The very nature and origin of the disease prevents the cure for it; for he who imagines himself capable of blazing as an author or poet, without information or learning, labours under a calenture of the brain, which never will submit to the drudgery or humiliation of receiving from the instruction of others, what he so deplorably wants himself. If they, who flatter themselves that they are writers merely on the strength of heaping together a congeries of words, which convey no one distinct idea; and who think themselves eloquent when they are only provoking laughter or pity, by their efforts, were acquainted with the light in which their compositions are viewed by the discerning, or could imagine the contempt they excite, assuredly they would not take such pains to incur it."

Those who have been in the habit of reading the Repository for the last year, will recollect the remarks of the former Editor on a tale called "D'AUBIGNE." The authour, instead of following the shock-

ing advice then given him, (to burn it,) preserved it, and with a sort of kindness so characteristic of the sentimental tribe, has presented it to the present Editor for publication. We do not wish to treat harshly the productions of juvenile students, but as the authour of D'Aubigne does not rank himself among them, and having manhood and experience on his side, ought to abandon all thoughts of literary renown, and confine himself and his hopes within the sphere to which nature seems to have intended him. But, in order to escape all farther importunity on this subject, we publish the first number, which it is hoped will gratify the ingenious authour, and convince our readers that D'Aubigne is not rejected without sufficient reason.

As the Editor does not at present possess the least knowledge of the authour of this 'crude, unshapen thing,' he would advise him to meet his disappointment with resignation...to throw his pen and ink-horn away, and I have no doubt but he may yet become a good member of the community.

To the Editor of the Repository.

The following is offered for your perusal, and with the numbers that will be sent you hereafter, at your service. You as editor probably would wish to know my object and intentions of commencing a series of numbers in this manner—I therefore beg leave to inform you that my present object is to commence by way a narrative and afterward write upon different subject, just as they may occur in my numbers.

A SUBSCRIBER.

Number 'One.'

'Virtue is chock'd [choak'd] with foul ambition.'

The dreadful calamity that infested the city of Philada in the year 1798 caused all manner of occupations to cease and to deprive the laborers of their daily toils, not carriage waggon cart or dray could be seen moving in the streets excepting those employed in removing the sick and the dead the whole city appeared deserted and one depopulated mass of empty buildings many of the people were compelled by dire necessity to remain in town others whose circumstances would admit flew to the country. I am happy to say I was included among the latter. The place I occupied was a small house near the banks of river schuylkill there in my lonely cot with none but my servant boy i passed my time in tranquility and peace nor was i disturbed by the impertinent visits of unwelcome visitors.—many a time i sat for hours contemplating the beauties of the rising and setting sun the pleasure this afforded me is beyond description and after a well spent day in reading a favorit book on a serene and beautiful moonlight evening i walked forth to receive the benefit of the delightful air that breathed upon the banks, oh! if there be such a thing as happiness on earth here is the place to enjoy it free from the noise and tumult of the busy world oft did i put up my most fervent

petition to that god of goodness that enabled me to procure a place of refuge from the raging pestilence that's sweeping so many of my friends into eternity. it was in one of these solitary but pleasing rambles that I first discovered an aged man entering a hut at the side of the river i moved towards the spot but the door was fastened I knocked but received no answer i repeated the knock a second and a third time but to no effect—returning my thoughts dwelled insensibly on the stranger a certain something which i could not account for seemed to engage my attention that i spent a sleepless and unpleasant night."

D'AUBIGNE.

The above is a literal copy of the stupendous original ; that its publication may have the much desired effect to cure the authour of his distressing complaint is my sincere wish. If he should, hereafter, become the sport of the town, he will have to blame his own vanity. L. P. F.

REMARKS ON THE MORAL AND LITERARY CHARACTER

OF

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

Peace to the memory of a man of worth,

A man of letters too !

His sun is set....O rise some other such.

Cowper.

The name of Dr. Johnson must ever be revered for the valuable and great additions made by his exertions to the literature of his country. Considering the complication of disorders under which he laboured, one cannot but be surprised at the clearness of his perception, the brightness of his imagination, and the accuracy of his judgment. As a poet, an essayist, a biographer, or a philologist, he stands in the first class ; and I am not hazarding too much, when I say, no writer has done more real service to society.

His imitations of Juvenal possess the indignant fire, pointed severity of the Roman satirist. Of his London, published before the death of Pope, that great poet was heard to say, 'Whoever the authour is, he will not be long concealed ;' alluding to the passage in Terence : *Ubi ni est, diu celari non potest*. The merit of the Rambler the world has too long acknowledged ; and, therefore, of it I need say but little : those who are fond of maintaining useless paradoxes (the petty wits and prigs in literature) endeavour to detract from the merit of Johnson, by invidiously comparing his style with the style of Addison, not considering the different views of the authour's :—the elegant irony of the courtly spectator was calculated to laugh them out of their vices and follies ; the sententious gravity of the argumentative Rambler was meant to reason them into right ; each has his distinct and peculiar merit ; both pursued the same ends, by different means, and he who endeavours to raise one, at the expense of the other, will lessen the merit of both. The style of Addison is certainly safer to copy, for Johnson's language is suited only to the weight of Johnson's thoughts. In the compilation of the Dictionary of the English Language, he has added Science to Labour, and united Genius to Learning. In his political, there is the same harmonious style, and fertility of thought, as in his other writings ; and there is little doubt but his benevolent exertions help-

ed to allay the ferment of a heated populace. His Journey to the Western Islands gave him an opportunity of surveying the various habits and manners of men in their different situations. His account abounds with such judicious remarks, growing, as it were, out of the narrative, as might be expected from so accurate an observer of human nature ; and every one must wish, if it would not have interfered with his more serious avocations, that 'to travel, and to tell his travels, had been more of his business.' The beautiful tale of Rasselas should not be forgotten ; and it should be remembered that the best papers in the Adventurer were written by him. The Lives of the Poets were written when the authour was seventy years of age, and were probably occasioned by a conversation he once had with the King. This is generally considered the most popular of his works. As a Biographer, he stands confessedly unrivalled ; his narrative is regular and judicious, not clogged with unnecessary circumstances, but embellished with anecdote and moral reflections ; and his characters have the nice discrimination of Clarendon, without his carelessness of language. Bold and original in his strictures, he is never the echo of former criticke ; no *tenth transmitter* of a preconceived opinion ; and if the mists of prejudice have, in one or two instances, clouded and perverted his judgment, let not misguided malice condemn him in the gross. There is not, perhaps, any authour who has so little need to blot, nor any in whom there is so much to admire. From his writings much learning may be gathered, and much information obtained ; his pen was always exerted in the cause of virtue and morality, and, on whatever subject his mind was employed, it was his determined purpose to give new ardour to virtue, and confidence to truth.

The best part of an authour, Johnson has said, is to be found in his works ; but if we turn from his books before us, to the volume of his life, we shall not have much cause to regret the transition ; in his moral concerns, pious and devout, almost to enthusiasm ; in his domestick relations of man to his fellow, he was benevolent and charitable,

And from the prayer of want, and plaint of woe,
He never, never turn'd away his ear.

His house was the resort of penury and wretchedness, and misery and disease seldom went unrelieved ; he was least amiable as a companion ; he was rough and uncivil, sometimes even to his best friends ; but this rudeness was momentary, and he was always desirous and anxious to be reconciled. One good effect, he would say, his asperity had, was, that folly, obscenity, and irreligious conversation were repressed in his presence. By those who are fond of looking on the dark side of human nature, his acerbity of temper has been magnified into the greatest crime, and the glass has been reversed in looking on his virtues ; but it will be well for us if, 'when we shall meet at compt,' a little roughness of disposition, caused by constitutional melancholy and disease, shall be the greatest and only crime imputed to us. To say he had failings is only to say he was a man. No temporary or time-serving moralist, his works will probably sink only with language in which they are written, and we should be mindful that everp one who is made better by his works, adds a new leaf to his laurel.

THE FATAL SISTERS.

From the Norse Tongue.....GRAY.

In the eleventh century Sigurd, Earl of the Orkney Islands, went with a fleet of ships and a considerable body of troops into Ireland, to the assistance of Sictryg with the silken beard, who was then making war on his father-in-law, Brian, king of Dublin: the earl and all his forces were cut to pieces, and Sictryg was in danger of a total defeat; but the enemy had a greater loss in the death of Brian their king, who fell in the action. On Christmas-day, (the day of the battle,) a native of Scotland saw, at a distance, a number of persons on horseback riding full speed towards a hill, and seeming to enter it. Curiosity led him to follow them, till looking through an opening in the rocks, he saw twelve gigantic figures resembling women: they were all employed about a loom; and as they wove, they sung the following dreadful song; which, when they had finished, they tore the web in pieces, and each taking her portion, galloped six to the north, and as many to the south. These were the Valkyriur, female divinities, servants of Odin. Their name signifies *CHOOSERS* of the *SLAIN*. They were mounted on swift horses, with drawn swords in their hands; and in the throng of battle selected such as were destined to slaughter, and conducted them to Valkalla, the hall of Odin, or Paradise of the Brave, where they attended the banquet, and served the departed heroes with mead and ale.

Now the storm begins to lower,
(Haste, the loom of hell prepare,)
Iron-sleet of arrowy shower
Hurtles in the darken'd air.

Glittering lances are the loom,
Where the dusky warp we strain,
Weaving many a soldier's doom,
Orkney's woe, and Randver's bane.

See the grisly texture grow!
(Tis of human entrails made)
And the weights, that play below,
Each a gasping warrior's head.

Shafts for shuttles, dipped in gore,
Shoot the trembling cords along,
Sword, that once a Monarch bore,
Keep the tissue close and strong.

Mista, black terrifick maid,
Sangrida, and Hilda, see!
Join the wayward work to aid,
'Tis the woof of Victory.

Ere the ruddy sun be set,
Pikes must shiver, Javelins sing,
Blade with clattering Buckler meet,
Hauberk crash, and Helmet ring.

Weave the crimson web of war—
Let us go, and let us fly,
Where our friends the conflict share,
Where they triumph, where they die.

As the paths of Fate we tread,
Wading through th' ensanguined field,
Gondula, and Geira, spread
O'er the youthful King your shield.

We the reins to slaughter give,
Ours to kill, and ours to spare;
Spite of danger he shall live—
Weave the crimson web of war.

They, whom once the desert beach
Pent within its bleak domain,
Soon their ample sway shall stretch
O'er the plenty of the plain.

Low the dauntless Earl is laid,
Gored with many a gaping wound;
Fate demands a nobler head,
Soon a King shall bite the ground.

Long his loss shall Erin weep,
Never again his likeness see;
Long her strains in sorrow steep,
Strains of immortality!

Horror covers all the heath,
Clouds of carnage blot the sun.
Sisters, weave the web of death—
Sisters, cease—the work is done.

Hail the task, and hail the hands!
Songs of joy and triumph sing!
Joy to the victorious bands;
Triumph to the younger King!

Mortal, thou that hear'st the tale,
Learn the tenour of our song.
Scotland, through each winding vale,
Far and wide the notes prolong.

Sisters, hence with spurs of speed;
Each her thundering faulchion wield;
Each bestride her sable steed.
Hurry, hurry to the field.

SONG.

LUCY GRAY OF ALLENDALE.

Oh, have you seen the blushing rose,
The blooming pink, or lily pale,
Fairer than any flower that blows
Is Lucy Gray of Allendale.

Pensive and sad, o'er braes and burn,
Where oft the nymph they used to hail,
The shepherds now are heard to mourn
Fair Lucy Gray of Allendale.

With her to join the rural dance,
Far have I strayed o'er hill and dale,
Where, pleas'd, each rustick stole a glance
At Lucy Gray of Allendale.

'Twas underneath yon hawthorn shade,
That first I told the tender tale;
But now low lays the lovely maid,
Sweet Lucy Gray of Allendale.

Bleak blows the wind, keen beats the rain,
Upon my cottage in the vale;
Long may I mourn, a lonely swain,
For Lucy Gray, of Allendale.

THE SILVER MOON.

Where shall I seek the lovely swain,
That woo'd me on the banks of Tweed?
Where hear the soft and tender strain,
He played upon his oaten reed?
Oh! sweetly could the shepherd play,
The bonny boy that won me soon;
For Sandy stole my heart away
While playing by the silver moon.

Where can he stray, ah! tell me where,
Return, my love, return to me;
Come, let us to the grot repair,
That overlooks the surgy sea:
And when the village train's at rest,
My bonny boy thy bagpipe's tune;
For what can e'er our love molest,
While playing by the silver moon.

Come then, my bonny boy, with speed,
Or else with grief my heart will break;
Come let us range the banks of Tweed,
And join the merry dance or wake:
But what's the dance or wake to me,
The boast of every silly loon,
Compar'd to moments pass'd with thee,
While playing by the silver moon.

BIOGRAPHY.

Memoirs of the Life of George Frederick Handel, Esq.

[Continued.]

From Rome he went to Naples, where he received invitations from most of the principal persons who lived within reach of the capital. After some stay at Naples, he made a second visit to Florence, Rome and Venice, and, having spent six years in Italy, set out for his native country. In his way thither, he stopped at Hanover, where he met with the celebrated Steffani, whom he had before seen at Venice, and who was then Master of the Chapel to his late Majesty King George I. at that time Elector of Hanover: at Hanover he also found the Baron Kilmanseck, who had taken great notice of him in Italy, and who introduced him at court with so much advantage, that the Elector immediately offered him a pension of 1500 crowns a year, as an inducement to continue there: Handel having at this time received strong invitations to England from the Duke of Manchester, and having also promised to visit the Court of the Elector Palatine, he told the Baron, by whom this offer was made, that, though he had the most grateful sense of the Elector's generosity, yet he feared he could not accept his offer, because it would imply an engagement on his part to continue at Hanover, which was inconsistent with his promise, and with prior resolutions that he could not relinquish. The Baron communicated Handel's objection to the Elector, who was generously pleased to order him to be told, that his acceptance of the pension he had offered, should neither restrain him from his promise nor resolution, but that he should be at full liberty to be absent a year or more if he chose it,

and to go whithersoever he thought fit. On these easy conditions, Handel thankfully accepted his pension.

Steffani, having soon after resigned the place of Master of the Chapel, this also was bestowed on Handel; but, as this did not take away his privilege of absence, he set out soon after for Dusseldorp, the Court of the Elector of Palatine, taking Hall in his way, where he spent some time with his friends and relations, particularly with his mother who was then very old, and been blind a considerable time, and with his old master Zackaw.

From Dusseldorp he went by the way of Holland to England, and arrived at London in the winter of the year 1710 and having continued in England a full year, Handel thought it necessary to return to Hanover. He was, dismissed with large presents from the queen and court; and made to promise, than when he could obtain permission from the prince, in whose service he was retained, he would return.

Towards the end of the year 1712 he returned to England; and the peace of Utrecht being concluded a few months afterwards, he composed a grand Te Deum and Jubilate upon the occasion. The nobility being very desirous that he should resume the direction of the Opera house in the Hay-market, the queen was pleased to add the weight of her authority to their solicitations, and as a testimony of her regard to his merit, settled upon him a pension of 200l. a year for his life. Notwithstanding his engagements at Hanover, Handel continued here till the queen's death, in the year 1714, the time in which he ought to have returned having been long elapsed.

Upon the arrival of his late Majesty, Handel, conscious of his ill behaviour, did not care to appear at Court: but his friend, Baron Kilmanseck, happening to come over with his majesty, interested several of the nobility in his behalf; and having engaged the king in a party of pleasure on the water, Handel was apprised of the design, and ordered to prepare some music upon the occasion. This he executed with a readiness and attention equal to his interest in the event, and on the day appointed it was performed, and conducted by himself. The king, being equally pleased and surprised, inquired whose it was, and how this entertainment came to be provided without his knowledge. The Baron then produced the delinquent, and asked leave to present him to his Majesty, as one so sensible of his fault to attempt an excuse, but sincerely desirous to atone for it. This intercession was accepted; Handel was restored to favour; his water music was honoured with the highest approbation, and the king added a pension of 200l. a year for life to that which had been granted him by the queen, and soon after increased it to 400l. upon his being appointed to teach the young Princesses music.

In the year 1715 he made the opera of Amadige; and from that time to the year 1718, he was almost constantly at the earl of Burlington's. From the year 1718 to 1720 Handel was chiefly at Cannons, the famous seat of the Duke of Chandos, which was then in all its glory. About this time a project was formed by the nobility for erecting a kind of academy at the Hay market, with a view of securing to themselves a constant supply of operas, to be composed by Handel, and performed under his direction.

A subscription for this purpose was set on foot, at the head of which appeared the name of the king himself, and the society was dignified with the title of the Royal Academy. Handel conducted it with great success for near nine years; but it was at length dissolved by the continual quarrels of the principal performers.

The nobility, whom Handel had offended, raised a new subscription to carry on operas against him, at the playhouse in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and engaged among others, Porpora and Farinelli: Porpora was author of several cantatas, which had been much admired, and Farinelli fascinated all that heard him by the astonishing powers of his voice. Against this opposition Handel bore up three years in partnership with Heidegger, and one year alone; but at length he sunk under it, and was obliged to leave the Hay market to his rivals.

(To be Continued.)

[We now commence the publication of a new and interesting Novel. It will be regularly continued until completed, and without any of that MUTILATION to which works of this description are usually subjected by our men of taste. For the satisfaction of our readers, we subjoin the author's advertisement.

"Home" was written on a plan different from most novels.—The author having been much struck with the wide train of evils that arise from causes, which appeared to her to be too frequently overlooked, formed the design of attempting to give so real a representation of life, as might be useful, were it only by leading others to the full consideration of subjects that might hitherto have escaped their attention. This design rendered it necessary to exhibit such a variety of situations, as was difficult to combine in one novel; on a plan especially, which did not permit the indulgence of fancy in contriving incidents different from the ordinary course of life.

The opinions in "Home" have been misunderstood by many, owing probably to the careless way in which novels are generally read. It has been a loss to the work, that almost every part of it, both with respect to the sentiments it contains, and the conduct of the stories, required to be read with an attention, which scarcely any person will bestow on a work bearing the name of Novel.

HOME.

Expect not a story deck'd in the garb of Fancy—but look at Home.

CHAPTER I.

"HOW tiresome bad weather is in the country!" said Lady Orville, one morning, as she sat with her husband and daughter at Orville Abbey; "I wish this was Sir Jacob Rich's birth day; it is a festival only which can dispel the gloom of such weather. Constantia," continued she addressing Miss Orville, who was employed with her needle, "bring the backgammon table,—I'll try what I can do to relieve a dull hour."

Miss Orville immediately rose to obey, when Sir John, laying down a book he was reading, said, "Has your mother not a novel to read, my dear? I should think that Mrs. Radcliffe could far more effectually lighten a heavy hour than backgammon."

"True," replied Lady Orville, "if one could always have a novel of Mrs. Radcliffe's at command, it would indeed be an antidote for ennui; but the stuff I have had of late has not been worth reading. I wish Mrs. Inchbald would write another novel. She knows how to touch the heart,—she has the power of giving a charm to the most simple occurrence! The first morning you can take a ride

to Ramsgate, Constance, do pick out something tolerable for me at B——'s.

"Might not your daughter, Madam," resumed Sir John, "amuse you very agreeably for a few hours with her *Piana-forte*?"

"I know not how it happens," answered Lady Orville, "that my feelings are never in unison with music in a morning; in the evening it is very agreeable."

"And in the evening," replied Sir John, "I could not object to Constantia's playing with you, but I cannot think of the morning being lost to her in such a manner."

"Do you call time lost, which is passed agreeably?"

"Are you certain it is agreeable to her to pass the morning at play?"

"I am certain it is always agreeable to her to oblige me."

"You should, therefore, be more studious of her interest, and satisfaction. You know, Lady Orville, that I am little disposed to interfere with your arrangements; and were this the first morning you proposed she should spend at back gammon, I should not oppose it; but has she done any thing else these two days than play at cribbage with you?"

"Well! and has not the time passed very harmoniously? and would do so still if you would not interfere."

"It would pass very harmoniously to me with your dice-box rattling in my ear, and my daughter's situation rankling in my mind."

"Why allow yourself to be disturbed about trifles?"

"Is it a trifle to detach her from useful employments, and give her habits of frivolity and idleness? Was it not by such means that you ruined your sons?"

"Ruined my sons?"

"Yes, ruined them. Have I not a thousand times told you so. One day or other you will be convinced that their conduct has been the natural effect of their education. When did you seek to encourage them in useful pursuits? Has it not been the constant practice of your life to gratify their wishes, and engage them in a constant routine of frivolous amusements?"

"My sons, said Lady O. gravely, are like other young men; they love the pleasures natural to their time of life, and their pursuing them ardently, is the unavoidable consequence of their situation; they know you to be rich; and I do not suppose you would wish to be poor, merely for the purpose of diminishing the happiness of your family."

"Is happiness only to be found in the gratification of the passions?"

"There gratification certainly forms a considerable portion of human happiness. For what do the industrious class of mankind labour, but to obtain the means of those enjoyments, which our sons have, without labour, in their power?"

"And the means attained, nothing remains to be done, but to indulge our inclinations:—There are no duties to society to fulfil?"

"I do not say so; but in what duties are our sons more deficient than other young men, in similar circumstances?"

"In many; but you will not see their errors: when affection prompts, we are all too apt to look through a

deceitful medium, which conceals or disguises the failings of those we love. But let me forbear this ungrateful subject—I shall only observe, that your eldest son would have been a very different character, had he not been bred in affluence, and encouraged in the unbounded indulgence of his passions.'

'Hastings has been too much hurried away in the pursuit of pleasure; but he is correcting his errors; he has given up Newmarket.'

'He has given it up, I believe, because he can no longer support the expense of it. He may, as he advances in life, vary his pleasures; but it remains to be seen, whether selfish gratification of one kind or another, will not always be his supreme good.'

'Your complaints of him, and of me, are always a very painful, and useless source of altercation.'

'I confess they are equally painful and improper; since I had not firmness sufficient to oppose your conduct successfully at an earlier period, it is idle to complain now.'

(To be Continued.)

HENRY DE MONTMORENCY.—*A Tale.*

CONCLUDED.

In the mean time his attendants though they had exerted themselves with great bravery, and had already dispatched one of the villains were by force of numbers overpowered: and being bound together, the remainder of the banditti rushed in on Montmorency just as he had stretched their commander on the earth; and obliged him also notwithstanding the most vigorous efforts of valour to surrender. The lady who during the rencontre had fainted away, waked again to fresh scenes of misery, at the moment when these monsters of barbarity were conducting the unfortunate Montmorency and his companions to a dreadful grave.—They were led by a long and intricate passage to an immense assemblage of rocks, which rising between seventy and eighty feet perpendicular, bounded on all sides by a circular plain, into which no opening was apparent but that through which they came.

The moon shone bright: and they beheld in the midst of this plain a hideous chasm; it seemed near a hundred feet in diameter; and on its brink grew several trees, whose branches almost meeting in the centre, dropped on its infernal mouth a gloom of settled horror. 'Prepare to die!' said one of the banditti; 'for into that chasm shall ye be thrown—it is of unfathomable depth—and that ye may not be ignorant of the place ye are so soon to visit, we shall gratify your curiosity with a view of it. So saying, two of them seized the wretched Montmorency, and dragging him to the margin of the abyss, tied him to a trunk of a tree; and having treated his associates in the same manner—'Look!' cried a banditto with a fiend like smile, 'look and anticipate the pleasures of your journey.' Dismal and pale affright shook the cold limbs of Montmorency, and as he leaned over the illimitable void, the dew sat in big drops on his forehead.

The moon's rays streaming between the branches, shed a dim light, sufficient to disclose a considerable part of the vast profundity whose depth lay hid, for a subterranean river bursting with tremendous noise into its womb, occasi-

oned such a mist from the rising spray, as entirely to conceal the dreary gulph beneath. Shuddering on the head of this accursed pit, stood the miserable warrior—his eyes were starting from their sockets—and as he looked into the dark abyss, his senses blasted by the view, seemed ready to forsake him.

Meantime, the banditti having unbound one of the attendants, prepared to throw him in—He resisted with astonishing strength—shrieked aloud for help—and just as he had reached the slippery margin, every fibre of his body racked with agonizing terror, he flung himself with fury backwards on the ground—fierce and wild convulsions seized his frame, which being soon followed by a state of exhaustion, he was in this condition, unable any longer to resist hurled into the dreadful chasm!—His armour striking on the rock, there burst a sudden effulgence, and the repetition of the stroke was heard for many minutes, as he descended down its ragged side!

No words can describe the horrible emotions which, on the sight of this shocking spectacle tortured the devoted wretches. The soul of Montmorency sunk within him: and as they unbound his last fellow-sufferer, his eyes shot forth a gloom of vengeful light, and he ground his teeth in silent and unutterable anguish. The inhuman monsters now laid hold of the unhappy man—he made no opposition; and though despair sat on his features, not a shriek, not a groan escaped him! But no sooner had he reached the brink, than making a sudden effort he liberated an arm, and grasping one of the villains round the waist, sprung headlong with him into the interminable gulph!—All was silent—but at length, a dreadful plunge was heard; and the sullen deep howled fearfully over its prey.

The three remaining banditti stood aghast—They durst not unbind Montmorency: but resolved as the tree to which he was tied grew near the mouth of the pit, to cut it down, and by that means, he would fall along with it into the chasm. Montmorency, who after the example of his attendant, had conceived the hope of avenging himself, now saw all possibility of affecting that design taken away; and as the axe entered the trunk, his anguish became so excessive that he fainted! The villains observing this, determined, from a malicious prudence to forbear: as at present, he was incapable of feeling the terrors of his situation. They therefore withdrew, and left him to recover at his leisure.

Not many minutes had passed away, when life and sensation returning, the hapless Montmorency awoke to remembrance of his fate. 'Have mercy!' he exclaimed, the briny sweat trickling down his pallid features, 'Oh Heaven, have mercy!' Then looking round him, he started at the abyss beneath; and shrinking from its ghastly brink, pressed close against the tree.

In a little time, however, he recovered his perfect recollection, and perceiving that the banditti had left him, became more composed. His hands which were bound behind him he endeavoured to disentangle; and his inexpressible joy, after many painful efforts, he succeeded so far as to loosen the cord, and by a little more perseverance effected his liberty.

He then sought around for a place to escape through; but without success: at length while passing on the other

side of the chasm, he observed a part of its craggy side, as he thought illuminated; and advancing a little nearer, he found that it proceeded from the moon's rays shining through a large cleft of the rock, at a very considerable depth below him.

A gleam of hope now broke in on his despair, and gathering up the ropes which had been used for himself and his associates, he tied them together; when fastening one end to the arm of a tree, and the other to his waist, he determined to descend as far as the illuminated spot. Horrible as was the experiment, he hesitated not a moment in putting it into execution: for when contrasted with his late fears, the mere hazard of an accident weighed as nothing; and the apprehension that the villains might return before his purpose was secure, accelerated and gave vigour to his efforts. Soon was he suspended in the gloomy abyss: and neither the roaring of the river, nor the dashing of the spray, intimidated his daring spirit; but having reached the cleft, he crawled within it. Then loosening the cord from off his body, he proceeded onward; and at last, with a rapture no description can paint, discerned the appearance of the glen beneath him.—He knelt down and returned thanks to Heaven for a miraculous escape.—But he sorely lamented the fate of his unhappy attendants.

THE DRAMA.

'The imitation of Life; Mirror of Manners; representation of Truth.'

The performance of *Douglas*, a tragedy by Mr. Home, was attended by a respectable audience on Wednesday evening. This celebrated play, for perspicuity of sentiment, and elegance and grace of expression, stands unrivalled. The character of Lady Randolph was admirably and feelingly performed by Mrs. Melmoth. Mr. Cain exerted himself *uncommonly* in young Norval, which was well personated; we had concluded, from the tenour of his performances since the commencement of the season, that he had entirely neglected his talents, but were agreeably disappointed. Mr. Wood, in Glenalvon, appeared widely to have misconceived the character, and the little judgment he evinced throughout the piece, rendered his performance altogether dull and insipid. He was particularly deficient in that decisive counsel—hypocritical look, and laconic stile, which the poet has so admirably painted; and paid no attention to modelling his voice, to suit sentences in the soliloquies, but all was uttered in one continual rant; if Mr. Wood's object was to burlesque the character, he succeeded to admiration. We have seen Mr. Wood in characters by which he obtained so due a portion of applause, that we naturally expect him to excel in all his undertakings, and in parts where he is deficient in judgment, we keenly feel the disappointment.

Mr. M. Kenzie should have performed Lord Randolph, and Mr. Warren should have resumed his original character, old Norval. The cast of the characters was not very judicious.

The tragedy was succeeded by the interesting pantomime of *La Perouse*. This species of dramatick performances for beauty depends entirely on the musick and scenery, which was well conducted. But what attracted

our attention and admiration* was the inimitable performance of Mrs. Woodham, in the Indian princess. The different passions of Love, Fear, Hatred and Jealousy, were admirably delineated; and the elegance of her figure, and uncommon animation, rendered the performance truly pleasing. B.

OLLA PODRIDA.

Repose is not more welcome to the worn and to the aged, to the sick and to the unhappy, than danger, difficulty and toil to the young and adventurous. Danger they encounter but as the fore-runner of success; difficulty as the spur of ingenuity; and toil as the herald of honour. To experience, which teaches the lesson of truth and the blessings of tranquillity, comes not in the shape of warning nor of wisdom; from such they turn aside, defying or disbelieving. It is in the bitterness of personal proof alone, in suffering and in feeling, in erring and in repenting, that Experience comes home with conviction, or impresses to any use.

Envy, though one of the worst and meanest of our passions, seems somehow natural to the human breast. This sentiment is well expressed by a French poet, in a drama on the banishment of Aristides.

Je ne le connois point; je l'exile à regret;
Mais que ne jouit il de sa gloire en secret.

It is a good plea for women, that all nations distinguish the learned professions by *hiding their breeches*. It may be almost said, that learning was first introduced into the world by a woman; for learning and knowledge are, in some degree, synonymous.

SONG.

The wretch escaping from the mine
Behind him leaves despair and night,
And, while its dazzling splendours shine,
Exulting, eyes the orb of light.
The ship-wreck'd sailor, led astray,
And yet uncertain of his doom,
With transport sees, at dawn of day,
His long sought country and his home.
Such bliss th' enraptured senses prove,
Restor'd at once to health and love!

Going into a crowded church in the dog days, is indeed *gaining heaven by the sweat of one's brow*.

Philosophy, like good-breeding, enables us to bear what is disagreeable, with a smile bordering on grimace.

Friend of my soul! this goblet sip,
'Twill chase that pensive tear;
'Tis not so sweet as woman's lip,
But, Oh! 'tis more sincere.
Like her delusive beam
'Twill steal away thy mind;
But, like affection's dream,
It leaves no sting behind.

There are many things which the fool believes he knows perfectly, and which the wise man despairs lest he should never know.

A Climax—The following tide of a work exhibits a regular climax not unfrequently exemplified in modern times;—"Letters on Love, Marriage, and Adultery."

In a Dutch translation of Cato, the version of the Soliloquy is curious - thus does it commence, "Just so,....you are very right, myn-heer Plato!"

The Editor of the "PELICAN," a new German paper, lately established in this city, after distressing himself and his patrons with a long and tedious harrangue, concludes with a curious apostrophe to the *GENIUS* of his paper, of which the following is a correct, true, and faithful translation:—"Go now, thou the genuine and legitimate and dear offspring of my brain; you need not be ashamed of thy parent; though he commits thee to the mercy of the malignant critics of the world, he will not cease to support thee with his love and care. Go, my beloved offspring, and seek the meed of renown; nor heed thou the witless scoffer, who may talk to thee of the imperfections of thy father's person—that he is a man of prodigious nose, and grey-eyes, cheese-lip'd and crooked-leg, will never, my beloved child, injure thee in the estimation of thy friends!"—This man makes a very strange palaver about German literature, and asserts positively that the German language was the only one known or spoken by *NOAH*!—In some future number we shall publish an entire translation of this 'long talk,' for the amusement of our readers.

Mosaick Abstinence.....A Jew pedlar travelling through Flintshire, being exhausted with fatigue, called for refreshment at a little Welch ale-house, where they could furnish him with nothing but eggs and bacon, which were accordingly fried and brought to table. The first morsel he put in his mouth, there happened a clap of thunder that made the house shake again,—"Good God Almighty, cried Moses, what a fush is here about a bit of bacon.....take it away!"

A certain field-preacher, in explaining to his congregation the nature of hell, told them he had lived there Eleven months. It is a great pity, said one of his hearers, that you did not stay there a month longer, for then you would have gained a legal settlement.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The publication of an 'Essay in Vindication of the Stage,' &c. is unavoidably postponed until next week.

We are obliged to 'H' for his information. We shall certainly take some notice of those kind creatures, who roam from house to house babbling their 'ill-looking tales.'

'P,' who so strangely turns up his nose at the Anacreontick ode, published in our last, ought to follow the prudent plan of the Abbeé in 'Old Nick' I can, however, assure my modest friend, that its publication was purely accidental, being among some papers that were sent to the printer, and the Editor being absent, the mistake was not discovered until Monday, when it was too late to be rectified.

We shall shortly commence the publication of an elegant and well-written Life of the Rev. JOHN WESLEY, A. M. including an account of the revival of Religion in Europe and America.

HOME, the publication of which is commenced in this number, will be regularly continued. In our succeeding papers, we shall give larger portions of this very interesting and valuable novel. Home has been praised by all the British critics, and has been liberally commended by *OLIVER OLDSCHOOL*: the approbation of this Gentleman is sufficient to entitle it to the attention of our readers.

'D'Aubigne,' if he has enough of crooked wisdom, will remain quiet, and commit the remainder of his manuscript to the flames.

If 'A young Authour,' can obtain the permission of the Ladies concerned, we shall comply with his request.

'Biddy Bustle,' though a complete hoyden, is entitled to our attention. We hope that she will occasionally favour us with the elegant productions of her muse.

"The AMERICAN LOITERER, by Gideon Gape, Esq" a series of original essays, will be commenced—perhaps, in our next.

'Omar' is too severe. Not much benefit can be derived from the lubrications of your growling reformers.

The Editor of the Museum is now preparing a treatise on the *Art of Guaging*, for the benefit of those exact gentlemen, who were so busily employed, during the past week, in measuring the pages of this paper. If the poor drivellers had eyes, they would find, what every honest Printer will tell them, that the Repository, & Ladies' Weekly Museum, contains a greater quantity of letter-press, than any of the preceding numbers of the *Philadelphia Repository*.

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